## INTEMPERANCE IN ENGLAND

The Special Strength of the Drink Traffic in the Kingdom of Great Britain.

Relations of the Church to the Vending of Liquor-How Licenses Are Granted and Public Houses Are Legally Regulated.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. London, Sept. 5 .- The drink traffic of Great Britain is more strongly intrenched in the traditions, the customs, the appetites, and in the religion of the masses, than is the same traffic in the United States, and naturally, as a consequence, progress is much slower in the work of restraining it, whether the effort be to persuade to personal abstinence or to curtail its power for evil through legislation. In more than one sense this business is aided by the Established Church of the country, for not only is liquor selling, much less liquor drinking, no bar to preferment within her pale, but she is in some notorious instances either directly or indirectly the owner of premises in which the traffic is carried on. And though the latter charge does not lie against the other denominations, they must all plead guilty in some measure to the former. The secretary of the National Temperance League, Mr. Robert Rae, takes a rather discouraging view of this feat "e of the situation. "We hear it said," he observes in his last annual address, "that the Christian church has taken up the temperance question; but," he adds, "we cannot echo the statement in anything like full significance." He declares, also, that "in hundreds of nonconformist churches at the present time the temperance society is only tolerated." Still, the churches here are doing something for the cause, as Mr. Rae's own figures abundantly show.

In the Congregational body it is affirmed that whereas, in 1883 the total abstainers amongst the ministers in England and Wales were barely in a majority, they are now over 400 in excess of a majority. Out of 1,756 pastors of Baptist Churches, 998, it is said, are total abstainers. The Weslevan Church seems to be judged less by the temperance principles of its ministers than by those of the church as a whole, for while nothing is said on the former point, we are informed that it has an enrollment of abstainers in its various bands amounting to 340,000, an increase of 14,000 over the previous year. The Church of England is accorded due credit for what it is doing in this cause, as also are the other churches, the palm of pre-eminence being given to the denomination known as the Primtrive Methodists. Altogether there are said to be about four million of pledged abstainers over

Amidst much that is hopeful, Mr. Rae's report has in it still another discouraging strain, arising from the fact that the latter half of the past year showed an increase in the revenue from alcohol amounting to over \$1,000,000. This certainly looks like progressing backwards: but Mr. Rae does not accept it as a proof that the people have permanently returned to their old habits; he regards it rather as one of the caprices of the jubilee year. He also thinks that the increase in revenue is owing, not so much to an actual increase in the consumption of liquor, as to the increased efficiency of the excise board in preventing adulteration. Be this as it may, that the cause is progressing from the legal point of view, that it is more and more "getting into politics," as we express it, and awakeding increased attention in Parliament, are facts equally patent to both the foes of the liquor traffic and its friends. It is something more than a popular fancy that the Gladstone government went down almost as much because it seemed to threaten the Englishmen's beermug as because it asked home rule for Ireland. and, as showing that the other side are no less desperate in this fight, it is a striking fact that its seeming antagonism of the temperance sentiment of the country should have been the first and only rock of peril encountered by the Ministry now in power; and, truth to tell, the government was but recently compelled, in obedience to this sentiment, to withdraw certain parts of the most important act of the present session. The great agitation now is for a general Sundayclosing law. Such a measure is already pend ing, but as the Tory government gets a large measure of its support from the publicans and their allies, there is little or no hope for such a reform as this until the Liberals come into power, and not much hope even in that contingency at present.

The regulations under which the retail liquor traffic is carried on in this country are very stringent. First, all persons engaged in this traffic must have a license. The victualer's likinds of drinks, but there are licenses granted for the sale of beer and cider; others for the sale of beer and wine; others for eider and perry, and still others for beer only and for wine only. The total number of licensed houses of all descriptions in the United Kingdom is 227 .-193, a diminution since 1883 of 2,804. A beer cense costs \$17.50 a year. The cost of a victualer's liceuse varies according to the annual value of the premises, said annual value to be taken at either the amount at which the place is rated, or at the rent it brings, or at an independent valuation, as the authorities may determine. If the value were under \$100 the license would be \$40 a year, and so on, in fair graduation, up to a \$3,500 house, in which case the licause would cost an annual sum of \$350.

The power of granting or refusing licenses rests with the local magistrates, but should these refuse to renew or transfer a license when requested to do so, the licensee, having given bond for the costs, may carry his grievance to the quarter sessions. In cases where a new license is applied for the decision of the magistrate is final; though, if the license be granted, such grant is not valid until confirmed by a special licensing committee, appointed by the magistrates from their own number, the members of which are supposed to thoroughly canvass the merits of the case. Any one intending to object to the renewal of a license must give due notice of such purpose, with a general statement of the nature of his objections both to the court and the licensee, and the evidence in such cases must be given under oath. An applicant for a new license must give twenty-one days notice to one of the overseers and to the inspector of police to the district. Also, as the new law stipulates: "within twenty-eight days of the licensing session, a notice must be affixed and maintained between the hours of 10 and 5 on two successive Sundays, on the door of the house for which a license is sought and on the parish church or chapel, or other conspicuous place, and such notice must also be advertised in a local paper on some day not more than four nor less than two weeks before the application." The provisions made for closing at certain bours are very elaborate, and are admirably car-

day on Sundays, and from 11 P. M. to 8 A. M. on other days. In Ireland Sunday closing obtains everywhere, excepting in the five principal towns, where the selling of liquor is permitted five hours on that day, the universal rule for other days being to close from 7 P. M to 7 A. M. Sunday closing has no exceptions in Wales. The hours vory in England. In London, within the four-mile radius of Charing Cross, the public houses must be closed on ordinary days from a half bour after midnight to 5 A. M. On Saturdays they close at midnight, and remain closed until 1 A. M. on Sunday. At 3 P. M. they again close until 6, remaining open then until 11 P. M. Houses beyond the above radius, but within the metropolitan police district, or in a place containing not less than 1,000 inhabitants, close at 11 o'clock on Saturday night, opening on Sunday from 12:30 P. M. to 2:30 P. M., and from 6 to 10 o'clock at night. During the week the hours of closing in these places are from 11 P. M. to 6 A. M., while houses situated in country districts

must be closed from 10 P. M. to 6 A. M.

ried out. In Scotland the public houses close all

The reason these hours are so strictly observed is that violation invariably entails its due penilty. For selling after hours the publican is liable to a fine of not exceeding \$50 for the first offense, and of \$100 for the second, whilst upon persons found in public houses after hours, jodgers and bons-fide travelers excepted, a fine net exceeding \$10 may be imposed. Police constables must be allowed entrance to licensed premises at any time under a penalty of from \$25 to \$50, but the publican must neither give nor sell liquor to these while on duty, or the law will mulet him again for from \$50 to \$100. Standard measures must be used, and the penalties for adulteration are very heavy. A fine of \$100 is imposed for selling beer without a lirense, and a beer-house keeper who sells spirits makes himself liable for a like sum, in addition to the excise penalties. The fine for selling spirits to a child "apparently under sixteen," as the law puts it, the qualifying word making the law at that point very weak, is from \$5 to \$10. For allowing prostitutes on the premises any longer than 's necessary for them to obtain refreshments, the publican renders himself liable in the sum of from \$50 to \$100; but here again the law is weak, for the question of time in the case being an open one, the publican interprets it very lib

erally, and the result is that in many public

houses the class of persons who seemed to be

tabooed, have liberty not only to stay as long as they please, but even to use the place as a sort of recruiting ground.

Illegal gaming and betting are also interdicted under heavy penalties, and any licensed person permitting drunkenness or any violent, quarrelsome or riotous conduct to take place on his premises, or selling liquor to any drunken person, is liable to be fined \$50 for the first offense and \$100 for the second. And what makes it specially to the interest of the keepers of these houses to avoid breaking the law is that every conviction is entered in the license register, and may, at the discretion of the magistrates, be indorsed upon the publican's license papers, two indorsements calling for the forfeiture of these instruments, and debarring the man from engaging in the business for five years afterward. Considering the number engaged in this traffic there are comparatively few prosecutions, and the fact is undeniable that the English publicans, as a rule, show a great regard for the laws of the land. In the whole of London last year there was but 124 summons against this class, resulting in 81 convictions and 43 dismissals, while the licensed houses in the city number over 14,000. Probably, though, this regard for law is due less to the natural disposition of the publicans than to the fidelity and vigor of those charged with the law's enforcement, and it is proverbial of all laws here that they are made to be kept, not

But the liquor traffic, here as elsewhere, works fearful havoc, notwithstanding these stringent regulations, and the fact that after a brief period of decline, the past eighteen months seem to show an increase in the quantity consumed, with a corresponding increase in pauperism and crime, is one which might well create alarm, and which surely ere long, must convince the best men of this great country not only that more examples of temperance in high places are needed, but that there is an imperative demand for more advanced legislation on the subject. The drink bill of the nation last year amounted to about six hundred and sixteen million dollar. H. T.

### THINGS A CENT WILL BUY.

Any Article in This Long List May Be Had for One Penny.

New York Evening World. There are few people who can think of any great number of useful and ornamental articles that can be bought for the small sum of I cent. A reporter who spent a couple of hours yesterday afternoon in the lower part of the city found that there are bundreds of things sold for that amount of money. The first thing which caught the eye was a small steel key-ring with a bone tag attached for the owner's name. It was to be bad for a single penny. The thought next ran through his mind that there was no excuse for people being unclean, for there on a stand was a large basket of toilet soap marked "I cent a cake." Alongside was another basket containing an assortment of combs, fine and coarse, marked at a like figure.

vesey street offers great opportunities to newly-married couples to save money on household articles. Porcelain-tipped picture-nails and brass curtain-rings are to be had in abundance for a cent spiece. If the bridegroom contem-plates putting down the carpet himself, he would de well to buy the tacks on this avenue. Among other things he can buy here are brass curtainrings and drapery-hooks, sold at two for a cent. Tin spoons are quoted at 1 cent each. He might also lay in a supply of individual butter and cup plates, a wooden mustard spoon and a cork-screw. A small box of tooth-picks will come in handy after meals, for it is assumed that, hav-

ing bought all the other things, he will eat. The young man in the receipt of a small salary naturally wants to economize. So it would be to his interest to invest a cent in a pair of "sole plates" for the bottom of his shoes. Following out this plan of economy he must buy a box of shoe-blacking, and if he likes to see the house kept looking neat he will get a 1-cent box of polish for the dining room stove. In case he should have occasion to do a little painting a few penny brushes would not be out of the way. He could also manufacture his own mosquito frames, for wire-cloth is down to 1 cent a foot. A knife and fork, kitchen hooks, steel staples, clothes hooks, porcelain shutter knobs, double ceiling hooks, and screw eyes are also to be had for the same insignificant coin, and a cent will either buy a bottle of machine oil or a few pat-

The young man who goes fishing can do so at a trifle expenditure, for a cent will buy twentyfive feet of fishing line, a sinker, a cork float, or some fish snell hooks. The pole could be out from a tree. In the natural course of events the time will come when the young man would have use for an ABC card. He can get one for a cent. A toy-dealer on Park row, near Chambers street, showed the reporter a number of "penny goods" yesterday. It is unnecessary to say that if the boy gets all, or a portion of these things, he will be happy indeed. Among them were a six-inch wooden sword, a tin-framed mirror (real glass), a monkey on a stick, a wooden gun, a horse and wagon, a fly-house, of which there are two different styles, various kinds of wooden and rubber balle, base-ball badges, a "water squirt," which is a small wooden syringe, a cricket. a horseshoe magnet, a bow and arrow, a shovel, various garden tools, a kite, story books, rubber balloon, a carpenter's plane, a saw, marbles, trick wine glass, a ball of kite cord and various

The gambler who is in hard luck can buy a pack of cards or dice or he can go over near the river on the west side and play "ring toss." A dwarfed individual stands near the foot of Canal street on clear days offering "tree rings for a cent; 'f yer get a ring over de hook yer win five cents." No one has ever been known to win at the game. After the gambler reforms he might content himself with a penny set of dominoes or a checker board and checkers. A musicallyinclined person can buy a piano, harmonica, jewsharp, the finte, a "melerune," or a wooden whistle for one cent each.

A writing desk can be fitted up very cheaply if you know how to do it. One cent will buy a penholder and pen. a lead pencil, a box of pape and envelopes, an ink eraser, a bottle of inkbox of wafers, a bottle of mucilage, paper weight, pencil sharpener, or various blank memorandum books. Shoestrings, bracket saws, a leather dog col-

lar, a two-foot tape measure, boxes of matches, match safes, sponges, and small flags are also

sold for I cent each. In an east-side thoroughfare is a great institution for preventing starvation. A crowd of men | fronting on two streets, and occupying a whole and boys cluster around a small green stand eating plates of pork and beans or a half loaf of bread with a big bowl of coffee. It is one of the stands owned by the St. Andrew Society, which serves either of the above articles of food at 1 cent per man. A man might eat two meals a day and if he believed, as did Ben Franklin. that "a penny saved is a penny earned." be could sup on the remembrance of his breakfast and

The young man with a hunger for flash jewelry can satisfy his craving for a small amount of money. For one cent he can buy either a gold-plated collar-button, a pair of brass sleevebuttons, a watch-chain or a watch. Or he can select a ring from a large number made to represent various costly stones. The cigarettesucking dude can buy a "coffin-nail" for a cent, but if he prefers his poison in a milder form he will go a cent further and buy a nolder. Having gone thus far, he will probably buy a pency flower for his button-hole and a penny bottle of

The horny handed son of toil who pokes his pose in the air at the smell of the dude's cigarette can buy a bag of tobacco for one cent and a pipe for another. In his two hours' journey the reporter saw enough stuff that was sold for a cent to fill two good-sized trucks.

Hymn of the Flowers. I will praise my God forever. God who is so great and glorious, He who has for man created All the different kinds of flowers. And of all He made the fairest. Surely, is the snow-white lily-In it, over all, I praise Him, God, who is of all the greatest. Up the red rose sprang, exclaiming, "Stand aside, ye other flowers; Tis for me to speak the praises

Of our God so great and glorious, Since from me is made the attar. And the sweetly perfumed sugar, And the cooling scented water From the eyes of those who suffer; Most of all I show the mercy Of our God so great and glorious." To her answered the carnation, Truly I am far more famous; Everywhere in hands I'm carried,

With the brides I am the rose queen, And for presents I am given Every day to lovely ladies; Even as their own life they love me. Brides take beauty from my beauty; Most of all I show the merey Of our God so great and glorious." -The Hebrew Spanish.

Barns. We love him not for gifts divine-His muse was born of woman-His manhood breathes in every line-

Was ever heart more human! We love him, praise him, just for this In every form and feature. Through wealth and want, through woe and bliss He saw his fellow-creature!

No soul could sink beneath his love-Not even angel blasted; No mortal power could soar above The pride that all outlasted.

Ay! Heaven had sent one living man Beyond the pedant's tether, His virtues, frailties he may scan Who weigh them all together! -Oliver Wendell Holmes. BERLIN AND VENICE.

An Indianapolis Tourist's Visit to These Europeon Cities-Impressions Described.

Correspondence of the India napolis Journal. BERLIN, Prussia, July 29, 1888 .- We started on Friday night, at 9 o'clock, for Berlin, and as it was a long ride-twelve hours, about 380 miles-I took a "schlafe-wagen," or sleepingcar. This is unlike ours, but to my notion much more comfortable. The compartments run across the carriage or car, and each compartment has a door opening into a narrow aisle or passage-way at the side. We passed through the suburban station of

Charlottenbarg-where the late Frederick, the Emperor, lies buried-and were soon in the Central or Friedrich-strasse Station, a large building of yellow brick with an arched roof of iron and glass. In the restaurant we had a good breakfast and were soon on our way to our notel-Schlosser's-which is near the corner of Friedrich and Jæger streets. In a few minutes after we reached the hotel we were ready to see the town. Down Friedrich strasse we went to the broad boulevard known as "Unter den Lingen"--Under the Linden, or Limetrees, as they are called in England. This is a broad street with double carriage ways paved with asphalt, double wagon ways paved with stone, and a broad central way lined with double rows of lindens. This street runs nearly east and west through the center of the city, and is about a mile long and is lined on both sides with fine buildings. The King's palace, that of the Crown Prince, the Royal Arsenal, the Royal Opera-house, the University buildings, the National Museums (new and old), the Academy of Art, the Academy of Science-The Royal Guard House-all are on or near this street, and close together. And the grand bronze statue of Frederick the Great in the center of the street is said to be the finest of the kind in Europe. The great king is on horseback, dressed in his coronation robes, and below and all around are life-size, portrait-statues. (also of bronze) of his great princes and gen-We spent three hours in the museum which fronts the Lustgarten, and saw wonderful col-

lections of marbles and sculptures, chiefly

and Roman, and the

paintings I have

Greek

est collection of oil

yet seen. Here we saw Murillo's wonderful picture of Father Antony of Padua, and the infant Jesus, and one of Raphael's famous representations of the mother and holy child. We were thoroughly tired by our walk through the numerous rooms of the galleries, and after lunch I took a drive around the city. At the west end of the Unter den Linden is the celebrated Brandenburg Gate, consisting of huge columns, with driveways between, the colnmns supporting a heavy cornice, on top of which is a statue of Victory in her car of triumph urging on her team of four flery horses. Through this gate passed the victorious legions of Napoleon in 1807, and he removed the Victory statue and sent it to Paris as a trophy of conquest, but after Waterloo it was restored by the allies to Prussia. Through this gateway our carriage passed into a grand park, the Thiergarten, two miles long and nearly a mile wide, and near the central part of this is the King's plaza, in the center of which rises a monument crowned with a colossal winged figure of Victory, the column made of cannon captured in battle, and the whole designed to commemorate the victories of German troops over the Austrians and French. A wide street, "Avenue of Victory," leads through the park, and this is the grand corso, or drive, and promenade of the city. The park has many gardens, summer theaters and groves, and is a great resort in the evenings. It is easily reached, and last night there were at least ten thousand people listening to the music of Strauss's Vienna orchestra. As the Prussian soldier is everywhere, of course he was at the park, and I think I saw at least a hundred and fifty officers-all young, handsome fellows, showing thorough discipline Altogether the scene was brilliant, and full of interest to an American. To-morrow forenoon we go to the Royal Palace, which is said to contain 600 rooms, and a great variety of objects of special beauty and interest. The streets here are chiefly paved with asphalt, and are kept scrupulously clean, and I fear I shall be very much dissatisfied with our dirty streets and sidewalks upon my return. It seems a long, long time since I lived in the United States, and I see so many things in England and Europe that are better than similar ones with us that "boasting is excluded," and I feel we have yet much to learn in the way of how to live. The railways are better, hotels are better, servants are vastly better, cities are better policed, better built, better cleaned than ours, The governments are strong and keep order. Neat handed maids serve you every-where - at hotels, restaurants, and shops, and the American traveler who likes order, comfort and quiet finds cause for gratitude and really enjoys a rest and freedom from anxiety that he has found nowhere else. Here are the accumulations of a thousand years valor, of mental struggle and culture, of wealth, and music and art. And how the very atmosphere is impregnated with them all, and how full of thought and of things that suggest thought this

July 31 .- Yesterday morning I went out via tram-car to Charlottenburg, three miles from Berlin, to the palace and gardens of the Emperor, William I. Unser Fritz, our Fritz, as the Berliners loved to call him. The palace is in a beautiful and extensive park, and here, also, is the mausoleum of the old Emperor. The building, or structure, which contains his remains, is of brown sandstone, has a Doric, or lonic porch, with columns, and is not otherwise elaborated. It has some tine flower-beds in front of and no carriages are allowed in the roads or paths that lead to it. I returned to the city on top of a tram-car, and then walked up "Unter den Linden" to the royal schloss, or palace. It is an immense affair, square. We ascended a spiral inclined road of brick to the second floor, and there put heavy felt slippers on over our shoes, and commenced the tour of the gorgeous suite of rooms, which are about a dozen in number, wherein the court displays inself on occasions of state. The floors are all of parquetry, waxed, and hence the ne-

cessary felt clogs In the grand ball of state there were many paintings, one of which was an immense affair representing Emperor William being proclaimed Emperor at Versailles. Of course, everything was gorgeous, and there were portraits of emperors, empresses, kings, queens, princes, generals, dukes and duchesses almost without end. From here I went to the National Gallery of

Painting and Sculpture, and one painting here, the raising of Jairus's daughter by Jesus. is a marvelous piece of work. Here, too, is "Caroline Comaro," by Hans Makart, which was so greatly admired at the Philadelphia centennial. From there I went to the Royal Arsenal where are displayed guns and cannon of every description and of all ages and lands, among them being many captured from the French, and flags and hanners, even keys of French fortresses. These are displayed as trophies, and serve to stimulate the Prussian soldiers to emulate the valor of their fathers. Here too, are immense plans, all worked out in clay on large tables, of many of the fortified French cities, some of these being fitteen by thirty feet in size, with the elevation of the country round about. How galling must all these things be to the Frenchman who stays inside. But I must stop description, for it is useless. Berlin is a vast, clean, enterprising city-but the presence of the military hand is everywhere. As one said to me, "if you talk politics you are locked up."

VENICE. Aug. 7, 1888.-But we had to leave Verona, for the Queen of the Adriatic, "beautiful Venice" was calling to us from her hundred isles. So we bade good-bye to the home of Romeo and Juliet, the train at the Ponte Vecchio station received us, whirled us away, the night darkened-and here we are in Venice. And we came from the railway station in a gondoia down the Grand Canal, past marble palaces of wondrous beauty; along still waters and through the wonderfully still night, the gondolier, 'in his neat white suit, standing up behind, while four of us sat on the curtained seats, and just avoiding but seaing the Rialto bridge, and turning into a narrow way between high banks of houses, hearing the notes of guitars and strains of songs floating out and down to us, we glided into the Adriatic and up to the landing on the Rue dia Schiavoni to the Hotel Aurora. And now in my room, closing this long letter. I hear the bells strike midnight, and some gondoliers below are singing over their wine.

Aug. 9. - This morning when I rose I opened my shutters and before me was the blue water, and beyond the Isle of San Giorgio, with its monastery and graceful campanile (bell tower.) A large iron steamer, firing the English flag, lies anchored near the mouth of the Grand Canal, a Spanish man-of-war, with the flag of St. lago, off to the left and in front are boats and steamers at anchor and black gondolas skimming silently along over the water After breakfast we started off along the Riva degli Schiaa broad street or paved quay, fronting the water's edge, crossseveral small canals by stone bridges, built with high single arabes to allow

gondolas and small boats to pass beneath, and soon caught sight of the ducal palace, the col-umn with the winged lion of St. Mark on its top, the graceful campanile, and turning about to the right we entered the Piazzetta de San Marco, or smaller square of St. Mark. We ascended the campanile to the chimes, and from the balcony had a grand view of the city and cemetery beyond. Far to the north were the Alps, and the snowy summits of the higher peaks were distinctly seen. To the west and south were the Apennines, further away than the Alps, but plainly seen. To

the pride of Venice, the great cathedral of San Marco, with its five domes and its four bronze horses in the arch over the entrance. It fronts the piazza or square of St. Mark, and is directly behind the Ducal or Doge's Palace, which fronts south on the Grand Canal. After admiring the domes and minarets, the brilliant mosaic pictures in colors on the front of the cathedral, we entered it. The interior is vast and imposing, but while it is more picturesque and brilliant, as befits its more oriental people and sky, it lacks the grandeur and dignity of the great Gothic cathedral at Cologne, and the impression made upon the mind is less serious and weighty.

The Doge's palace came next in order, and we proceeded thither. Through the court and up into the porch or piazza brought us to the entrance doors, on each side of which was a narrow slit in the wall, formerly used for depositing charges and accusations against enemies. I forgot to mention that the stairs lead ing up to the entrance from the court below are called the Giant's steps or staircase, as colossal statues of Mars and Neptune stand at the top, and here all the Doges were crowned, and here the head of Marino Faliero was cut off by order of the Great Council. Byron's drama of his name was forcibly recalled to my mind as I stood there, and especially the concluding line:

"The gory head rolls down the giant's steps." But we entered the portals, climbed the stairease and visited the hall of the Great Council, the largest single room in Europe, unless it be the royal ball-room at Ansterdam. Around the frieze are half-length portraits of seventy-six of the doges, and where Faliero's would have appeared is a black scroll or veil painted on the wall, and upon it in gilt letters: Hie est locus Marini Falieri,

Decapitati pro criminibo We saw the chamber of the mysterious Council of Ten, that of the more terrible Council of Three, and here in the wall was another slit for secret accusations. Then we descended, and through a parrow door crossed the celebrated Ponte dei Sospiri, or Bridge of Sighs, which is a covered passage-way leading over a narrow canal from the palace to the prison. The poor prisoner was brought from prison over this bridge or covered way, and in each side there are two small grated windows, and here from one of them he took a parting look at the world, and then passed along to the room of his trial. This trial, of course, was a mere farce, and none ever escaped as "not guilty." From the champer of trial the prisoner was sent acros down a narrow flight of stone steps into the dungeon. We entered these-there are two stories, and all are dark, small and horribly dis-

We were thrilled through and through as we looked in and upon these scenes of trial and suffering, and if those old walls had voices, what wails, and cries and denunciations, mixed with recitals of wrong and tyranny, we might have heard. Thank God, this dark and shameful night of terror and cruelty is over, and the sun of Italian liberty shines in Venezia's blue sky. From night we gladly escaped, and ascended to day, and beauty greeted our eves everywhere as we again entered court of the Palazzo San Marco. The doves were fluttering in the air above us, on the chequered pavements at our feet, the gondolas were skimming over the water; and over all, and down upon all, through the clear air, shone the hot Italian sun. We turned to the left and passed down the Riva degli Schiavonia towards the hotel, for it was lunchtime. Our way led us over a bridge, which spanned the canal between the palace and the prison, and, looking up the canal, I saw the exterior of the Bridge of Sighs, and stopped to notice its outer appearance. It is arched, made of white marble, and ornamented. How different its interior! There were the two small windows from which so many sad eyes had looked upon Venetian skies for the last time-but the thought was too oppressive, and I passed on. Aug. 10 .- I hardly know now to describe the grand festa and procession of gondolas on the Grand Canal. A squadron of Spanish ships of war had arrived a day or two before, and the Venetians, who are fond of display, prepared for them a grand serenade and reception. A fleating pavilion with a dome-shaped top and ornamental sides had been constructed, and it was covered all over with globes of various colors, chiefly red and white, each globe containing a wax candle, and when all were lighted the effect was brilliant and beautiful. A steam tre (a wonderfully noiseless one) drew it slowly slong, and it was promultitude of gondolas, and the palazzos on each side the canal were successively illumined as the pavilion of honor passed them, with colored Bengola lights, making a weird and picturesque scene, as the white walls and fronts of the palsees took the hues of the different-colored lights -marble arch and terrace rising one above the other from the water's edge until the whole seemed like fairyland. The old Rialto, thus set on fire by a crimson glow, was marvelously beautiful in the still Venetian night, and during the entire progress of the procession the pavilion resounded with music and song. But the most striking scene of all to me was when, after each halt, the pavilion began to move, the gondoliers sprang to their feet, and, standing on their decks, seized their long sculling oars, and with their musical cries began pushing forward their graceful barks. Their movements were very graceful. All had on their best attire, and their cries seemed to be all cheerful; and if they lost temper and swore at each other at all, it was in such graceful and liquid Italian that nobody could object. As the tapers died out they were replaced by others. and so the illumination was maintained and the song and music of bands was kept up until at midnight we gave orders to our gondoller to return, and on we went. As we passed down from the canal into the laguna the dazzling electric search lights of one of the Spanish ships illumined our watery path far ahead, and the stars of falling rockets twinkled in the Italian sky. Grand Canal in Venice, "Bride of the Sea."

It was I o'clock when we reached our landing place, and dismissing our guard with an extra gratuity or "poppe" for "pourboire" we sought our rooms, and so ended our fests night on the CHARLES P. JACOBS.

The Drum. O the drum There is some Intonation in thy grum Monotony of utterance that strikes the spirit dumb,

As we bear Through the clear And unclouded atmosphere Thy palpitating syllables roll in upon the ear!

Of thy music-throbbing heart That thrills a something in us, that awakens wil ha And in rhyme With the chime And exactitude of time, Goes marching on to glory to thy melody sublit 10.

Of the breast That thy rolling robs of res', Is a patriotic spirit as a Continental dressed; And he looms From the glooms Of a century of tombs.

Of a purpose pure and wise;
As the love of them is lifted to a something in the That is bright

And the blood he spilled at Lexington in lifting beauty

Red and white, With a blur of star ry light, As it laughs in silken ripples to the breezes day and There are deep Hushes creep

O'er the pulses i a they leap, And the murmur, fainter growing, on the silence falls asleep, While the prayer Rising there Wills the sea and earth and air As a heritage to Freedom's sor is and daughters every-

where.

As we hear

As profound As the thy inderings resound. Come thy wild reverberations in a three that shakes the ground. And a cry

Like the flag it flutters by, Wings rapturously upward till it nestles in the sky. O, the drum! Intont tion in thy grum Monotony of utterance, that strikes the spirit dumb,

And unclouded atmosphere Thy palpitating sylla's les roll in upon the ear! -James Whitcomb Riley. Preper or Praise. The preacher prays we may be blest-She wears iny roses on her breast, While I sit wondering at her side

Not prayer, but praise, I speak to-day.
-Life,

Through the clear

If one be wholly satisfied

It is Absurd

For people to expect a cure for Indigestion, unless they refrain from eating what is unwholesome; but if anything will sharpen the appetite and give tone to the digestive organs, it is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Thousands all over the land testify to the merits of this medicine.

Mrs. Sarah Burroughs, of 248 Eighth street, South Boston, writes: "My husband has taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for Dyspepsia and torpid liver, and has been greatly benefited."

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C. Canterbury, of 141 Franklin st., Boston, Mass., writes, that, suffering for years from Indigestion, he was at last induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla and, by its use, was entirely cured.

Mrs. Joseph Aubin, of High street, Holyoke, Mass., suffered for over a year from Dyspepsia, so that she could not eat substantial food, became very weak, and was unable to care for her family. Neither the medicines prescribed by physicians, nor any of the remedies advertised for the cure of Dyspepsia, helped her, until she commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "Three bottles of this medicine," she writes, "cured me."

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Leave for Ptsbrg & N. Y. ...... 4:30am 2:55pm 5:10pm

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Arrive from N. Y. & Pitsbg 11:40am 7:50pm 10:20pm

Columb's, Richm'd, etc. 9:40am 3:50pm

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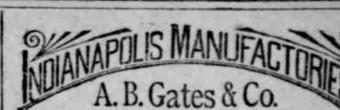
Sept. 15, 16 and 17; returning until Sept. 19. IN-DIANA COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS' special train at 7:30 a. m., Sept. 15. Also one same hour Sunday, Sept. 16. Special trains, returning, leave Cincinnati Saturday and Sunday nights at 11 p. m. Don't for-get the route, C. H. & D., but travel with the Drummers, who know a good thing when they get it. W. H. FISHER, Gen'l Ag't C., H. & I. R. R., Indianapolis.

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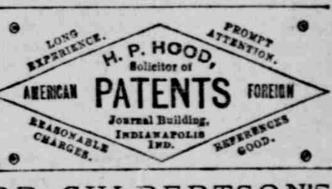
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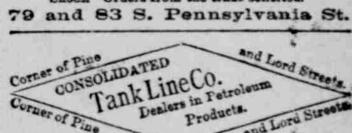
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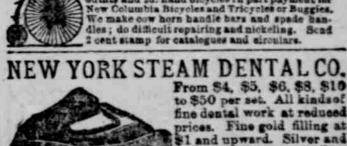
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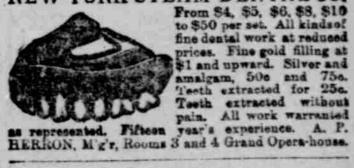
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